PANHANDLING IS EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW

St. Louis Is the Town Where It Flourishes Like a Green Bay Tree; Professional Bum Lays Bare Secrets.

(St. Louis Times)

Market street, from Sixth to Eighth was a veritable whirlwind of snow. A 15-mile wind swept great sheets of fine, penetrating flakes in the faces of pedestrians, swirled them under their hats and down their upturned coat collars.

Most of those who were forced to be on the streets sought the shelter of friendly doorways, venturing out into the storm only when a faltering street car, bravely fighting the snow, succeeded in plowing its way through the drifts across the tracks.

A man wrapped in a great coat, the shawl-like collar turned up to ward off the wind and snow, stood on the corner of Market and Eighth streets. He puffed valiantly at half a cigar that had been extinguished by the snow and cast it disgustedly in the gutter. A whining voice at his shoulder caused him to turn. He looked into the pallid face of a tramp—just a common, ordinary, everyday tramp, of the sort that infests Market street day and night.

"Say, Cap," began the hobo in the ingratiating tone of his kind, "couldn't you help a poor man to the price of a meal? I ain't had a thing to eat since yesterday morning—honest, I ain't."

The man had begun to shake his head in denial before the tramp had finished his stock plea. Then he hesitated and was lost. It may have been the weather or it may have been any one of half a dozen other things, but he changed his mind. He reached into his pocket. Brightening at the prospect of alms, the tramp started to speak again when the man interrupted him.

"Didn't you just come out of an eating house?" he asked inquiringly. "I didn't mister; honest to God I didn't." The tramp raised his dirty cold hand and wiped several doughnut crumbs off the stubble board on his chin. "I ain't had a thing to eat for two days. Will you pay for somethin' to eat for me? You c'n watch me eat it, Cap, if you want to."

"No, I don't want to bother with you. Take this dime and get a drink." "A drink, Cap? I wouldn't drink. I'm too young fer that. I never drink."

"You won't come and have a drink with me, then, will you?" "Well, friend, if you offered t' buy, I couldn't turn you down. I'd drink, just fer sociability's sake. I likes a sociable drink now an' then, I admit."

"Come on, I'll buy it," said the stranger, who appeared to be of an investigating turn of mind. "Where is a good place to drink?"

One drink led to one more, and the tramp, warming up mentally and physically, became loquacious.

"Listen, Bo," he said. "I been kiddin' you. I'm a panhandler, and you know it as well as I do. I'm a grafter—a winter flicker. I'll tell you th' whole yarn fer another drink. Yes, gimme 905. You see, pal, it's just this way. I told you I was from New York, didn't I? I ain't. I used to live in Scranton, Pa., an' that's how I got my monicker—Pennsylvania Harry. You think I'm goin' t' tell you I got rich parents, don't you? I ain't. My father was a coal miner, an' he was a bum. Drink killed him.

"I slipped the village when I was 17 years old—three years ago. I didn't go of my own accord, believe me. They made me beat it, an' I can't go back.

"I was the dirtiest bum in the world till a year ago, when I made a big stake. Never mind how I made it—I got it. That's enough. An' where did I hit when I got the stake? Hot Springs. I lost the stake an' more, too, a month ago. I hit this town because I knowed it was th' best graftin' spot on th' map. An' I ain't been disappointed a bit since I got here, neither.

"There ain't nothin' like this here Market street nowhere else in th' world, less'n it's in Chi. But my advice to you if you want to bum is never to try it on Market. Get off the street as far as you can. Keep off o' Olive street an' Eighth street. There's the rules that applies t' good weather, but anything goes in a storm.

"St. Louis is soft in any kind o' weather, but it's too easy now. Slip in a snow storm and everybody coughs, even the old boys with red mufflers tied around their heads. Sleep? Four Courts. They're feedin' us now, too. Work? I should say not. It's too blame cold t' work. Could you buy me another drink, governor? Thanks, old pal. Regards."

The man of an investigating turn of mind left the saloon and returned to the storm. The next beggar that approached him was pushed unceremoniously into the gutter.

The experienced "hand out" man and the fellow for the first time broke and down on his luck met as they left the Four Courts basement. The one had just come from the south and was without overcoat or money, and declared he did not know what to do.

"Aw, it's easy," explained his companion. "There's the 'stem' (the street). Go to it." Seeing the other was not convinced, he offered to show him the panhandling game.

At that moment a distinguished, well to do looking man neared the ragged pair. The "wise" panhandler accosted him.

"Pardon me, aren't you Colonel Wilson of Baltimore, the noted criminal lawyer who never let a man get hanged?"

"No, I'm not Col. Wilson," replied the victim, but with the tone of a man who was flattered.

"Well, I'll tell you. I'm down on my luck—flat broke," the hobo went on glibly. "Couldn't you help me?"

The victim reached into his pockets and "came across" with a quarter. As he moved on the inexperienced hobo, with a look of admiration, joined the companion.

"That's great," he said. "But who's Col. Wilson." "Oh," replied the other, "he's a famous criminal lawyer who never lost a case in his life. Wasn't for him I'd be in now. That's the racket, you see. I jollied him right from the start, gave me a chance to start a conversation. Easy, ain't it?"

DICTAGRAPH USED IN DIVORCE SUIT

Delicate Little Instrument Records Some of Conversation of Affinities in a Pittsburg Scandal.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 23.—The talk of "affinities" even to the whispers, is to be repeated in court here when Andrew W. Mellon's suit against his wife, Nora McMullen Mellon, is heard. It will be the first time the dictagraph has ever been used in a divorce suit.

Mellon, a banker who counts his millions up to the thirties, had his home equipped with the invention more than a year ago, it develops, with the result that it probably will become as unpopular in affinity circles as it already is with bribers and dynamiters.

Mrs. Mellon has had $15,000 a year alimony since she became a defendant in a divorce suit. She also has had, to a considerable extent, the sympathy of those in her set, who resented the means to which her husband resorted to get evidence against her. In fact, there is a story to the effect that the "canned" evidence will turn out to be a boomerang. It is said a servant informed her mistress that the dictagraph had been installed and that amusing conversations were purposely recorded on it.

When Mr. Mellon sued for divorce it was said he had given his wife two million dollars and that a separation had been agreed on. One cause for divorce proceedings was said to lie in the wife's loss of one million dollars in stock speculation.

Mellon, however, made humiliating and sensational charges against his wife, who is the daughter of a wealthy brewer in Herfordshire, England. He named as co-respondent Alfred Geo. Curphey, a London club man, who knew Mrs. Mellon at her parents' home as a child. When she married Mr. Mellon the rumor was cabled from England that she was in love with a certain Englishman.

Mrs. Mellon is a friend of Maxine Elliott and often was seen with the actress in London and New York.

A blue fox farm is to be started on Karagin Island, Kamchatka, to be managed like similar farms in North America.

HOW THE MODERN WRITERS LOOK ON SPEED MANIA

Gouverneur Morris Preaches on Form of Insanity; Geo. Fitch Tells of Present Touring Methods.

"The writer who would achieve popularity, "is he who feels the popular pulse and writes thereof. So it is no wonder that into the "literature" of today there is injected a stream of gasoline. The one thing upon which most writers not employed in the publicity bureaus of the autofactories seem to agree is that the speed mania is getting too firm a grip upon the mind of the automobile enthusiast of today. Gouverneur Morris, one of the leading authors of modern short-stories, has published the following speed sermon:

The Excuses for Speed.

Has anybody yet admired the hare? But the tortoise, here in our own Manhattan has been worshipped by a nation. The excuses for speed are few—to save life, to turn the tide of battle, to do a kindness. For speed for speed's sake there is no excuse whatever. Brown rushed his corners, drove faster than the law allows along the straightaways, and all that he has to show for it is fifteen minutes of time he claims to have saved. To save fifteen minutes of valueless time he had risked his own life and that of three other men. He ought to have been kicked. Someone said in my ear: "Hell of a fellow that Brown, doesn't know what fear is." Someone was right. Either Brown didn't know, in which case he was a born fool; did know and didn't care in which he was another kind of a fool, or was showing off (which is more likely), and in which case he was both. They say that time is precious. What is Brown going to do with his fifteen minutes? Keep them, of course, the selfish dog. But he might have given them to me. I was his guest. I could have used them and enjoyed them. I could have decided whether the thing we saw in front of the road house was a dog or a chicken; whether the things in the field were daisies or torn paper, whether or not the girl under the elm was going to ask the man in the buggy to give her a lift, and I could have thought upon the pleasure of that man's absurd friend, the automobile was opened to men. Instead I was obliged to shut the eyes which God gave me to see with, and to try to reason out what was going to become of my family, with me cut off in the very heyday of my youth—and debts.

Fast driving is a breach of manners for which our rules of conduct have yet to find a corrective. If a man is objectionable in a club, you may eject him; but at the wheel of his car he may be as objectionable as he pleases. And you ask him: "How fast can you drive from here to there," and with pride he tells you. The question ought to be: "How 'well' can you drive from here to there?" Or: "How safely?" or: "With what pleasure to others?"

George Fitch Remarks.

And then there is George Fitch of Peoria, the inventor of Siwash College and writer-extraordinary on the "pure cussedness" of motor boats. George writes thus of the speed mania:

The travelers were from Missouri, so I had no difficulty in becoming acquainted with them. There were five of them—a chauffeur, a father and mother, a daughter, and a grandmother. The last was nearly seventy. She smiled placidly as they disinterred her from the tonneau, and later on, when she had removed from her face five layers of soil collected in as many states, she spoke enthusiastically of the trip.

"We've been on the road a week," she said, "and we've had the most delightful time, though the roads have been a little dusty. Our mileage is 1,675 tonight—pretty good for a week, isn't it? I think we've got the touring record from St. Louis to New York. If we haven't we'll come back and get it with our new car this fall. Do you know, we only stayed in New York overnight. Usually I like to spend a couple of weeks there, but it's so much more fun to keep going. It was splendid coming up from Boston this afternoon. I guess we had as many as twenty races, but our good old Bosco never failed us. My son calls his car Bosco because, he says, he eats 'em alive. He says he never saw a car with such an aversion to getting dust on his front number plate."

I asked the old lady if she didn't get tired during a long day's riding.

"Oh, yes," she said cheerfully; "I get so tired I am almost dead by night. But I'm always ready for another day. We've had a hard ride today. We wanted to get up here for the night, and so we left New York at four o'clock in the morning. Think of it! We rarely start before six unless we are going to do over three hundred miles. We got over into Connecticut and Sid told the chauffeur he could take the lid off, as he calls it. I was really frightened. We did seventy miles an hour for ever so long. Now and then we would strike a bump in the road, and if my daughter hadn't held on to me I guess I would have gone out several times. We ran into two traps, but Sid paid our fines on the spot, and we would have made Hartford for breakfast if we hadn't had a blow-out. Tomorrow we'll have an easier day. We're only going to Montreal.

Montreal was close to two hundred miles by road. "And you like all this?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said calmly; "I always go with Sid and Carrie on their trips. I like the motion, and I have all winter to rest up in, so I don't mind getting tired."

Of course every automobile owner doesn't try to make his patient machine jump through a hoop and beat out a lightning flash. But with all the best intentions in the world, much of the automobile touring is being done mostly on two wheels. There are so many reasons to hurry. The road is so dull that you want to get over with it. It is so fascinating that you can't wait to see what is around the next corner. If you can make twenty-five miles in the next hour you can get to a good hotel in time for dinner.

Your machine travels more smoothly at thirty miles an hour. Some nervy chap with a Kangaroo Six is trying to pass you and it is your duty to show him that Thunderbolt 50s pace the world.

The result is natural. You have set out for a pleasant little six-hundred-mile ramble. You come back bragging over the fact that you did it at twenty-eight miles an hour and that nothing passed you but the sun. As for the scenery—no matter. At any rate, you didn't see any tail lamps.

KANSAS POET IS GIVEN GLASSY EYE BY META

Former Wife of Upton Sinclair Annexed by Harry Kemp Now Turns Him Down for Another Affinity.

New York, Feb. 23.—Mrs. Upton Sinclair, divorced wife of the author, has ended her romance with Harry Kemp. The Kansas tramp poet doesn't make enough money to support her in comfort, she told him over the telephone yesterday, and besides, she said, she has met a man she loves more than she does Harry. She was very sorry, she said, but her ideals had changed considerably of late.

"It's all right, Meta," the poet told her, "it's all right."

His voice choked. "If you've found a man you love more, don't think of me. Good-by and God bless you."

So ended a guileless poet's first lesson in love.

Kemp came from his bungalow in Point Pleasant, N. J., yesterday to call upon Mrs. Sinclair who has been living with her father, W. M. Fuller, at 174 West Eighty-seventh street. She has been there since Dec. 28, when she left Kemp's bungalow after a visit of several weeks. Since that time Kemp has been coming to New York to see her at least once every two weeks. He called her up soon after he arrived, expecting to make an engagement to take her to dinner.

"What are you doing in New York?" she asked.

"I came to see you, of course," he replied enthusiastically. "I've finished my play, and I'm going to see some publishers about a book of poems, and I want to talk it all over with you."

"No," she said, "I can't ever see you again."

The poet didn't understand at first, and she repeated the sentence. Then he couldn't believe that she meant it. It was a poor sort of joke, he said. She insisted she was not joking—she had written him a letter explaining it all and had mailed it Saturday night.

"But why? Why?" cried Kemp. "I thought we were going to live up to our ideals; ours I thought was a perfect romance."

The answer was a short laugh. "Ideals, Harry," she said, "have to be nurtured by wholesome food and clothing and a house that keeps out the rain. But I want to part in love, not in anger. You told me that if I ever found a man that I loved more than you, you would not keep me from going to him. You said Upton was inconsistent when he objected to my leaving him for you. I am truly sorry, for I thought I loved you."

"Then there is another man?" Kemp asked.

"Yes."

"All right, all right," he said. "Of course, that's what we believed—that you should be free to go whenever you chose—but—" the tears streamed down his cheeks—"I didn't think you ever would choose to go."

The painful conversation ended; Kemp, who was telephoning from a friend's room, sank into a chair.

"Poor Upton, poor Upton," he groaned. "Now I know how he felt when Meta went away with me."

"I know now," Kemp said yesterday "that Upton was my best friend. He warned me."

Sinclair is abroad with his 10-year-old son, David. His attitude in the case is shown by a letter he wrote Kemp November 25, in which he said: "I have never felt any personal anger toward you. I was sure you would see the thing differently in the course of time and realize I did all I could to keep you out."

Kemp will stay in New York for the present. He hopes to go abroad in a month or two. He will work his way across and may see Sinclair in Europe.

The Sinclair-Kemp case recalls that of Mrs. Walter Lispenard Suydam, Jr. who ran away from her millionaire husband with Fred Noble, a plumber. Their romance lasted about as long as the Sinclair-Kemp affair. A week after Mr. Suydam divorced his wife she married Noble "to satisfy conventions," she said, although at that time she admitted that she had lost her love for him. A week later they committed suicide.

"They didn't really believe in being unconventional," was Kemp's comment on the Noble-Suydam suicide. "They just used those ideals to suit their selfish purposes. And," he added, "they were bad losers, too."

Figs are fed to horses in Turkey, dates are given them in Arabia and currants in Egypt.

PHILIPPINE TRADE HAS ALMOST DOUBLED

Island Possessions of United States Have Been Rich Source of Commerce With This Country.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 23.—Trade between the United States and the Philippine Islands has more than doubled in the brief period since the enactment of the existing tariff law which admits Philippine products except rice free of duty into the United States and domestic products free of duty into the Philippines. Imports into the United States from the Philippine Islands in 1908, the last year prior to the enactment of the law in question, were $9,243,244 in value, and in 1911, $20,212,917; while domestic exports to those islands were in 1908, $9,904,097, and in 1911, $20,896,629, both imports and exports having thus more than doubled in value in the period between 1908 and 1911. The law in question was enacted in August, 1909, the calendar year 1908 being thus the last full year prior to its enactment.

This increase in trade between the two areas, the United States on the one hand and the Philippines on the other, occurs in practically all classes of merchandise forming that commerce, but especially in sugar, cigars and cocoanut meat on the import side and in nearly all classes of manufactures and foodstuffs on the export side. For example, the value of cotton manufactures exported to the Philippine Islands in 1911 was over four million dollars, against but three-quarters of a million in 1908; of iron and steel manufactures, five and one-third million dollars in 1911, against two and a half million in 1908; of meat and dairy products, nearly a million dollars in 1911, against a little more than a third of a million in 1908; and of cars and carriages, $810,418, against $267,433 in 1908, over one-half of the 1911 total being automobiles and parts thereof. Many other articles of domestic production show greatly increased exports to the Philippines; leather and manufactures thereof, from $592,012 in 1908 to $747,872 in 1911; paper and manufactures, from $298,137 to $661,649; fish, from $63,227 to $428,453; India rubber manufactures, from $125,282 to $419,514; scientific instruments, from $155,217 to $399,245; wood and manufactures from $328,853 to $395,845; chemicals, from $166,068 to $393,649; vegetables, from $135,345 to $266,523; fruits and nuts, from $67,656 to $159,138, and so on through the list of manufactures and foodstuffs.

The growth in imports from the Philippine Islands occurred chiefly in sugar, which increased from 103 million pounds valued at about two million dollars in 1908 to 402 million pounds valued at about 10 million dollars in 1911; manila, from six two-third million dollars in 1908 to seven and two-third millions in 1911; cocoanut meat, from eight million pounds valued at $220,469 in 1908 to 28 million pounds valued at $1,194,703 in 1911; cigars, etc., from $1,9847 in 1908 to $870,764 in 1911; and hats, bonnets, etc., from $18,988 to $161,571.

Of the domestic exports from the United States to the Philippine Islands in 1911, foodstuffs formed 17 per cent, and manufactures 82 per cent (including these ready for consumption 73 per cent and those for further use in manufacturing 9 per cent the remainder being crude materials and miscellaneous articles.

The share of the total commerce of the Philippines which passes between those islands and the United States has also greatly increased since 1908. Statistics compiled by the insular bureau of the war department show that the share of the imports into the Philippines supplied by the United States increased from 8 per cent in the fiscal year 1900 to 16.4 per cent in 1911; and that the share of their exports sent to the United States increased from 18 per cent in 1900 to 31.4 per cent in 1908 and 42 per cent in 1911.

BILLIKIN PROVES A REAL CUPID

Miss Florence Pretz Who Invented Smiling Little God is Married and Lives in Kansas Citiy.

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 20.—Billikins, the god of things as they ought to be, has vindicated himself and in the role of Cupid has brought good fortune to his originator, Miss Florence Pretz, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Pretz, of 3028 Montgall, or, to be more accurate, to Mrs. Robert Smalley, for at 6 o'clock last night Billikins' originator was married to Robert Smalley, who is in the wholesale motor car business in Lincoln, Neb.

Dr. George H. Combs, pastor of Independence Boulevard Methodist church, read the ceremony at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Smalley and Billikins will make their home in Lincoln, Neb.

Miss Pretz was formerly a teacher of art at Manual Training High school. She got the inspiration for Billikins in 1906 while looking at a collection of grouchy looking gods belonging to Miss Floy Campbell of the art department of Manual. They were so grouchy looking, in fact, that they brought to Miss Pretz's mind the idea of fashioning a god who would smile and bring to his worshipers cheer instead of gloom.

She had never done any modeling but, knowing something of art, she went to work with clay and a penknife. The finished product wore such an irresistible grin that when a cast found its way to Chicago a capitalist formed a producing company.

At this point, however, the little god failed his creator. The company formed to exploit the sale of the idol furnished the art student in a thousand and one technicalities, and while the sale of the idol was large, Miss Pretz received as royalty only $30 a month.

Miss Pretz is a daughter of Frederick Pretz, a Kansas City dry goods merchant. She was graduated from Manual Training High school in 1903. She was employed as an interior designer by several Kansas City furniture firms and also was a student at the Chicago Art institute. She later went to Philadelphia, where she studied at Fischer Art school.

DOG DIDN'T HAVE GOOD DOG SENSE

Invalid's Pet Snaps at Rescuers When Firemen Come to Save Family from Horrible Death from Fire.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 20.—Standing in the lap of his mistress and defying anyone who dared to come near her, a pet black and white fox terrier nearly prevented the rescue of Mrs. Bertha Koeneke, 57 years old, of 1712 Jackson street, an invalid, when fire started in her home early yesterday morning. It was not before one of the rescuers, Albert Moog, of 1711 Belt street, had been bitten in the hand by the animal that Mrs. Koeneke was taken from the house.

It was shortly before 8 o'clock yesterday morning when Mrs. Lillian Williams, who resides next door, was hearing her small son's lessons, that she heard a rapping on the wall, coming from next door. Knowing that Mrs. Koeneke, who has been an invalid for the last seven years, was the only one in the house at the time, and hearing the pet dog barking furiously, she quickly threw a wrap over her shoulders and hurried next door.

She had opened the door no more than a few inches before she was greeted with a puff of smoke. Rushing back to the street she began screaming for help. It was then that Albert Moog, who was on his way to work, heard the woman's screams. He ran up to the door and quickly taking in the situation, turned in an alarm of fire from Barney and Jackson streets.

Several other persons, who had been attracted by Mrs. Williams' screams, arrived at about the same time. When they learned that the aged woman was in the house a dash through the smoke was made. However, the rescue was not as easy as had been contemplated. Upon reaching the kitchen they were baffled by the snarling and snapping dog.

Mrs. Koeneke, aware of the danger, quickly smothered the dog's head in a large shawl which she had thrown over her shoulders, and in this manner the men were able to get near her. Then it was that a new obstacle confronted them. A wheeling chair in which Mrs. Koeneke was sitting was too large to pass through the doorway. One of the men broke out a large pane of glass in the front window and managed to lift the woman and chair out to safety. She was taken into the home of Mrs. Williams, where she remained until late yesterday afternoon.

The fire was confined to a large buffet in the dining room of the Koeneke house. The damage amounted to about $100.

FEAR MINES UNDER A TOWN.

Columbus, Kans., Feb. 22.—Owners of business buildings in Weir City applied to the district court today for an order to restrain R. L. Thorp, a coal mine operator, from mining coal under the streets and certain lots in Weir City. The applicants allege that if the mining operations are continued there is reason to fear that the city hall and other buildings will be jeopardized. Judge Sapp granted an injunction restraining Thorp from doing any more digging in the prescribed territory, but held there was no authority for preventing Thorp using the excavations already made for entry purposes.

The city of Weir also sues Thorp for $600, the estimated value of the coal he has already removed from under the city streets. This part of the action has not yet been passed upon by the court. While extensive mining operations have been carried on within the city limits since the field was developed, this is the first time the city has attempted to stop it or to collect the value of coal removed.

DRIVING PLAGUE FROM KANSAS.

Topeka, Kans., Feb. 23.—The Kansas board of health believes that it has stopped the endless chain of tuberculosis in this state.

"We feel that within a few months now we will be able to make a showing that will surprise the country in the reduction of the number of new cases of tuberculosis in Kansas," said Dr. S. J. Crumbine, secretary of the board, today.

"We are finding every single case in the state just as fast as Dr. Shippy can get around to the various infected places. He is reporting them and then we send out free of all cost, paper napkins and tin cups with paper linings for sputum and disinfectants. We go to each case and show how disease is spread by carelessness in expectorating and require each known case to use the tin cups and burn the paper linings containing the sputum.

"We feel that within a short time we will be able to break up the continual spread of this disease simply by stopping the source of its spread, the careless expectoration on the sidewalks, floors and open places."

A colossal project for a waterway across European and Asiatic Russia from west to east and European Russia from north to south is under consideration by the government, a direct water route to Siberia being a distinct feature of the proposition. The channel of the Moskva river from Moscow to Kolomna will be deepened, the work to be begun in 1913.